holiday. I beg of you not to mention that book, or any book
Except your own, till June 20th
Thank Heaven, I never looked at your book. We go
down I can't even read the newspaper — can't
Even form letters. But all this passes off
with miraculous speed, so long as I needn't read or
write.
Tender Termagant — please write me long letter
with — I love, & dip into — 5 minutes at a time.
You can't think what a rich London man — how some
of my friends, fished for my poor brain with
pointed hooks. I love it.
Yes. The first day we got here. Lytton
Colefax arrived: the window: plucky but so
awed, so hard. so dark & silent — all the graves
have added nothing to her burly dust. And
now there Elizabeth Robins the actress
walking round the garden with L. & being
loved. no Virginia Can't see anyone. a
fanciful situation: Very cold — very harsh.
Very lovely in a flying way this country flows
any wonder — No dear Ethel please
Keep your light burning & be alive &
Love yourself in Italy & pray & battle
with all the horror for the sake of V. who
thought by the way you reputed your dedication
because you believed her.
& I've had to the other way

Rota 2.4.43

Barbara ?

Dear Professor

Monks Horton. April 20th 1936

So glad you have better news of Pan - I hope it continues.

No, don't send me the book till it comes out. I've had to take to my bed again; rather collapsed into a bad bout of headache - can't shake it off - so have to yield to it, & we shall stay on here indefinitely.

Yes - that was what I meant - we have had to put off the years again told the auburn: The Americans asked us to. Also, I've never once read it through: I shall probably have to cut & revise considerably when I can tackle the proofs. But the printers have only just sent the last bit, so as then this summer was out of the question. I've completely forgotten

Years postponed

Monks House. April 20th 1936

So glad you have better news of Pan - I hope it continues.

No, don't send me the book till it comes out. I've had to take to my bed again, rather collapsed into a bad bout of headache - can't shake it off - so have to yield to it, & we shall stay on here indefinitely.

Yes - that was what I meant — we had to put off the Years again; the Americans asked till the autumn: the Americans asked us to. Also, I've never once read it through: I shall probably have to cut a little considerably when I can tackle the proofs. But the printers have only just sent the last lot, so as now their summer was out of the question. I've completely forgotten

Rotha 2. f. 63.

what it about at the moment: do nothing
but look at a Starling in the rain.
Letter much appreciated. But
Keep your book please till I have
something better than a stamp
piece of blotting paper in my
forehead. Then I shall rejoice in it.

Monday

V.

So glad of dedication
Yes, my belief was genuine —
that in heart
repented

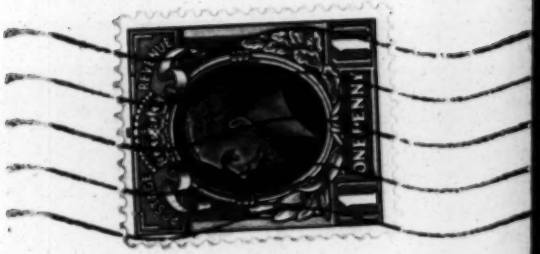
NYPL

Thursday 23 ap. 1936

About Pan:—

Leonard's brother who has a passion for dogs thinks very highly of a doctor who, though a human doctor, X rays dogs & has done much great discoveries: diagnosing diseases. If you think it worth trying, write to Harold Woolf Lalcham on Thames, Middlesex who would be delighted to give you all information. The point is, no vet uses X rays: but this man treats dogs & if they were humans. I put the vet. on the right lines.

V.



LEWES
8 -PM
26 APR
1936
SUSSEX

NYP

Dame Ethel Smyth
Coign
Woking
Surrey

Rota 2.4.63

26.4.36

From **Leonard Woolf, Monk's House, Rodmell, Lewes, Sussex.**

Ww. ww ww - dont I beg you mention my book in
any writing to me till I give you leave. I
want only to forget entirely about it. And
then make a fear it up I daresay. Until
then. Hush. Silence. But I'm hell. Fine
here today - I've been out in the garden.
Hope to tell news of Pan. And
there you work hey unread but not unlo
be soon read at this rate. I'm sorry my ag
to hold back - V. Sunday

B or C

Charges to pay
s. d.

TIME OF RECEIPT

10.49 M

From 18

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

If there is doubt about the accuracy of any part of this telegram ring "Telegrams Enquiry" or call at the Office of delivery for free repetition.

This form, and if possible the envelope, should accompany any enquiry other than by telephone.

No.....

Office Stamp

8 MAY 36 CONFIRMATION

Prefix. Time handed in. Office of Origin and Service Instructions. Words.

78

11-10 M

To 467 W1

78 10.30 LEWES A 14

THE INFORMATION OVERLEAF WILL INTEREST YOU.

SMYTH COIGN WOKING SURREY =

REVIEWS BRILLIANT I AM ENTHRALLED BY BOOK OFF TO CORNWALL

= VIRGINIA ~~+ COIGN +~~

X 'As Time' alias Bedrock Veale. Falmouth.

Becky Falls,
Manaton. Dartmoor. May 11th & 13th
1936

Well Ethel, I finished your book last night at Lyme Regis, a most unfortunate under difficulties, in a lodging house sitting room, to say which is a triumph, isn't it, so halfway down the road to immortality & such to become my name is on your title page. How you do it, God knows — I mean I cant see how its done — how face after face emerges, when there is apparently no life preparation, no humming & hawing, all so unconscious & unpremeditated, — all so ready wending this way & that - streams intersecting, — how then do all these people stand & live in their own element with the life of their own tiny rushing part, as magnetic fish caught in a net of water: living, breathing, about to shoot on — the whole torrent pouring past, nothing frozen & final as happens with the usual skilled hack? Lady P. comes out sharper & clearer than Margot, & shaded too,

a masterpiece, I think; but then so does the glimpse of
Vernon — how you convey her in a phrase — & H. B. —
& you funnily pseudo — statement true to life
that you exude. like some rush of air & sun. (for
you're very genial, as well as searching). But I'm not
certain (written this sentence) articulate. after drawing
all day — pulling up at this lodging in the rain
& then a fauteuil which comes down from the moon.
I thank ch for the last three fine dove tailed
the first immortal volumes (which by the way
brought me to you theoretical but long before)
despite an your 4 cornered hat) Its partly this
volumes. & continuity, so that the
whole seems larger, richer, even of the details
arent more brilliant than they were in the other
books. what you must do is to continue. You
Cant, in justice to posterity & the present. let your
great fountain bottle shut up — To tell you the
truth, I'm obsessed with the dense that ya
should paint me: notes thing wonderful. but
what a revelation streaming in. painful as
doubt: but like seeing the true soul, pecked out
from its defacing shell, its contorting &
twisting convolutions. by the silver sharp
pen, a sword, as Shelley says. Forgive this
scrawl — now taken out a finished at this
abroad hotel in view the detestable town of Fal-
mouth. No need to
expatiate on my admi-
ration Par-V.

Rota 2.4.63

NYPL

Becky Falls,
Dartmoor.

(Also Budock Veagh, Falmouth)

May 11 & 13, 1936.

? Maurice Well Ethel, I've finished your book last night at Lyme Regis, and must write under difficulties, in a lodging house sitting room, to say I think it's a triumph, and if I go half way down the road to immortality, it will be because my name is on your title page.

How you do it, God knows —— I mean I can't see how it's done —— how face after face emerges when there is apparently so little preparation, no humming and hawing, all so inconsecutive and unpremeditated —— all the roads winding this way and that, streams running, winds intersecting —— how then do all these people stand and live in their own element, with the life of their own time rushing past, as might be fish caught in a net of water: living, breathing, and about to shoot on —— the whole torrent pouring past, nothing frozen and final as happens with the usual skilled hack? Lady P. comes out

sharper and clearer than I thought, and shaded too; a masterpiece I think; but then so does the glimpse of Vernon —— how you convey her in a phrase —— and H.B. —— and you yourself preside —— if it wasn't truer to say, that you encircle, like some rush of air and sun (for you're very genial as well as searching).

But I'm not at all (witness this sentence) articulate, after driving all day and putting up at this lodging in the rain, above a torrent which comes down from the moors. I think it's far the best thing you've done since the first immortal volumes (which by the way brought me to your spiritual feet long before I set eyes on your four-cornered hat). It's partly the volume and continuity, so that the whole seems larger and richer, even if the details aren't more brilliant than they were in the other books.

What you must do is <u>to continue</u>. You can't in justice to posterity and the present let your great fountain bottle itself up. To tell you the